A Letter to the Once Left,

As I sit down to type this letter on my google docs, I feel secure in knowing that the ears it reaches are from my community, speaking to those who resonate with my experiences and my translations. I speak to a community who finds themselves a float in a land of ideologically devoid arguments, the blur between right and left seemingly refracting one another, illuminating a narrower and narrower perspective and pathway. A letter to the Once Left, incited by a reading of A letter to the New Left, calls to those feeling distanced from their roots in the nutrients of theories, analysis and critique. Incited by my community's sense of fuel to move but a questioning of where to move to. As a historian, I have the privilege of time, powering my sense of duty to speak to the community of the Once Left. To bring the words of our past that unified us, not to completely revitalize those ideas, but to recall and relish in past ideas and words that moved us. The us I refer to, is the collective who sees growth and evolution opportunities in our present, a skepticism for the present that fuels their passion for the future. To be left is to stand in the side of those representing agents of change, for this is the side that the present could always be better. A call to the once left is a call to recall our past invigorating moments to return to our idealism because our idealism is as true to us as our pessimism is. My invigorating event was two fold, learning that one could be infamous in grade 4, incited my curiosity about intellectual evaluation and the collective persuasion from famous to infamous. An invigorating event that now looking back gave me the permission to construct my own perspective, my own evaluation of a situation. I return to this moment and feel the 4th grade version of me filling me with curiosity and questions for our current moment. An acknowledgement of the Once Left does not mean we return to the left but that it’s a node in our thinking on a temporal realm just as the New Left came out of the Left of the Pre Wwli World. A call to the Once Left is to recall and use the tools that fueled your ideological discovery in the past. A second invigorating event, during the invasion of Iraq by American forces in 2003, I was a fiery teenager living in a small largely American and International community in Warsaw, Poland. In government class debates broke out often about this present moment. The firey debates I found most impactful on shaping my perspective were debates I had with my fellow Americans. It always felt as if there was more at stake when engaging your own, and when there is more at stake there is more to learn. That invigorating event fuels this letter. I speak to those that hear me and resonate, focusing on my community only. I care for their feedback, how it resonates, and a lack of resonance with my community only. This tool invigorates my sense of effectiveness, a need I can’t deny I thrive on. A working philosophy underscores any ideology. An understanding of the inner world is secure

to engage with the uncertainty of the outer world. My working philosophy centers the relationship between my mind and body, sending my mind to parts of my body and sending signals from my body to my mind. To me this is freedom, and this freedom is dependent on forces in and around me. The outer world, the public is never fully separate from the private or inner world, and the outer world is our responsibility. Amongst the Once Left, I provoke our approach to these responsibilities. Too often our debates on our responsibilities revolve around cause instead of outcome. Time can be seen as moving as this- action, reaction, consequence. We can control the action until it's done and then we control the response to the consequences. Amongst the Once Left, I provoke an approach where we debate how it is to be done, not why or who. Amongst the Once Left, I provoke us to emphasize principals over personalities, mitigating consequences as a collective. Amongst the Once Left, I provoke our conversations to dream and fly above the ideology of reality. An ideology is ideas, how we construct meaning, how we see freedom and value. A time and place for reality sure, but not in the ideation of our ideology. A deliberately Utopia build, a future construction, journeys to feels in the past, intimate geography emphasizing our common unity, business as personal and personal as politics are all tools I use to engage with my community of the Once Left. Now I find it's time for me, as a shaper, as someone intentionally representing my version of the world, to be clear in the ways I'm orientating my mirror to the world. My mirror is a representation of myself but also a version I want the world to reflect back to me. My mirror shows a version of myself as I burn through this journey. My mirror may be small but if it hits others mirrors perhaps it can reflect back and can help others to see. I may not be a lighthouse yet, but I am a mirror and I work to shine my light. A call to the once left, to turn those lights that fuel you and reflect it outwards. We can create a collective feeling of agency when we have the agency to change our perspectives, even just slightly.

Love,
Z the Story Shaper

What the fuck
Hmmmm
Wow brilliant in my eyes
Why fourth grade

Amazing

Very cool

Bad not doing what we should be doing

Reminder for the community

We have power and we have power now

Guilt